THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, March 10, 1800.

On the UTILITY *of* KNEADING FLOUR *with* BRAN-WATER.

Copy of a Letter from the Rev. Francis Haggitt, *Prebendary of Durham, to the* Bishop of Durham.

My Lord, Nuneham, February 18, 1800.

If you were ſurpriſed at receiving from me a loaf of bread, your ſurpriſe will ceaſe when I explain my reaſon for ſending it; in doing which I muſt enter into ſome details, which I am perſuaded will be far from unintereſting to your Lordſhip. In the courſe of reading an old work on Rural Economy, I lately met with the following aſſertion, viz. That flour kneaded with bran-water will produce a more ſubſtantial bread, and a greater quantity of it, than is obtained by the common mode of baking. As the author ſays nothing more upon the ſubject, I conclude he wrote in a time of plenty; but the information (if it ſhould prove correct) appeared to me of vaſt importance in theſe days of ſcarcity, and I determined to make the experiment without delay. Accordingly I cauſed four buſhels of wheat (nine-gallon meaſure) to be ground, and nothing but the coarſe bran taken out: The produce was four buſhels and a half of flour, and 22lb. of bran.

About ten days ago, I boiled ſome of the bran, and kneaded a due proportion of the flour with the ſtrained liquor, and the reſult of the experiment was ſo highly ſatisfactory, that I reſolved to repeat it with the moſt ſtrict attention, and the moſt ſcrupulous exactneſs. The detail of this ſecond experiment

I am now about to communicate to your Lordſhip; and I thought proper to ſend you alſo ſome of the bread produced by it, that you might form a judgement of its excellence.

Yeſterday I took 5lb. of bran, boiled it, and with the liquor ſtrained from it kneaded 56l. of flour, adding the uſual quantity of ſalt and yeaſt. When the dough was ſufficiently riſen it was weighed, and divided into loaves; the weight, before being put into the oven, being 93lb. 13oz. or about 8lb. 10oz. more than the ſame quantity of flour kneaded in the common way; it was then baked two hours, and ſome time after being drawn, the bread was weighed, and gave 83lb. 8oz.—loſs in baking 10lb. 5oz. The ſame quantity of flour kneaded with common water loſes about 15lb. 11oz. in the baking, and produces only 69lb. 8oz. of bread;—gain by my method 14lb. that is, a clear increaſe of one-fifth of the uſual quantity of bread from a given quantity of flour.

This increaſe, which at firſt appears aſtoniſhing, (ſince only 5lb of bran were boiled) ſeems to depend on a combination of three cauſes;—firſt, the water in which the bran is boiled weighs half a pound more per gallon than plain water; ſecondly, owing to its glutinous conſiſtence, it is leſs ſubject to evaporation by heat; thirdly, and principally, a greater quantity of it is neceſſary to make the dough; a buſhel (or 56lb) of flour requires three gallons (i. e. 27lb.) of plain water; but it imbibed three gallons and three quarts of bran, weighing 35lb. 10 oz. The bran, after being uſed in this way, is equally fit for many domeſtic purpoſes, and I ſuſpect even more nutritious for pigs and poultry than if given to them raw. I had the curioſity to weigh it after the liquor was ſtrained off, and found that it had gained 12lb. and if water incorporates with it in the ſame manner as it does with rice, why may not its nutritive power be increaſed in the ſame manner? The conjecture accords, at leaſt, with Count Rumford's principle.

But to return to my experiment: I have amuſed myſelf with the following calculation, which perhaps will make your Lordſhip ſmile. The increaſe of bread, by this method, being a fifth from a given quantity of flour, the conſumption of flour would be ſaved by it every ſixth day, or ſixty days in the year. Suppoſing then that the practice were univerſally adopted, and taking the conſumption of flour in this kingdom at two hundred thouſand buſhels per day, the annual ſaving would amount to twelve millions of

buſhels,

buſhels, which, at the preſent price, would coſt about ten millions ſterling, and in ordinary times above four millions. Of the wholeſomeneſs of the bread there can be no doubt; of its flavour you will judge by the ſpecimen I have ſent you; and I can add from experience that it keeps very well. After my firſt batch had been baked ten days, I put a loaf which remained of it into my oven for about twenty minutes, and, being ſuffered to grow cool again, it was cut, and had every appearance of new bread; nay, we even thought it better than it was at firſt.

I am, with true reſpect,
Your Lordſhip's dutiful
And obliged ſervant,
FRANCIS HAGGITT.

The Lord Biſhop of Durham.

Sketch of the Character of the Emperor of Germany.

By the celebrated KOTZEBUE.

THE day after my arrival in Vienna I had the honour to be preſented to his Imperial Majeſty, and ſince that time I have enjoyed the happineſs of approaching this noble character ſeveral times.

I could, at this moment, almoſt regret being graciouſly favoured with a penſion, as it might throw a ſuſpicion of flattery on my ſentiments; but I am conſcious of never having ſold my praiſe! and neither the price of 1000 florins (the amount of his penſion), nor that of millions, would purchaſe it. I might and could be ſilent, ſince I am under no obligation to publiſh my ſentiments; it is from the pureſt conviction, flowing from the heart and reaſon, which induces me to maintain that Francis II. is one of the moſt ſincere and upright individuals in his vaſt dominions. The moſt ſignal of his virtues is juſtice, which he diſpenſes equally to the beggar and to the prince; for, twice a week, both may lay open their hearts before him in perſon. Nobody aſks the perſon who wiſhes to ſee the Emperor what is his buſineſs with him. Every individual, without exception, may perſonally appeal to the feelings of his noble heart; and though it may eaſily be conceived how many fooliſh applications and idle wiſhes are made in ſuch audiences, ſtill the monarch ſtands on his legs about five or ſix hours each time, and liſtens to every tale with a patient complacency. Happy the petitioner whoſe

cauſe is founded on reaſon and juſtice, for he is ſure of ſucceeding.

With theſe princely virtues and qualities he unites, what is ſo extremely rare among ſovereigns, all the private virtues of an amiable domeſtic mind. He does not ſquander away millions on miſtreſſes, nor does he ever appear with unneceſſary or uſeleſs pomp and magnificence. In the boſom of his family, he enjoys a life, ſimple, quiet, and happy.

His preſence, inſtead of awe, inſpires confidence. His conduct is ſo perfectly upright and open, that it ſtrikes to the heart, as being thoroughly ſincere. Whenever he ſays any thing obliging, it is not a fine compliment, but always ſomething hearty and well-meant. Is it then a wonder that I am ſo much attached to him, and that the moment I was preſented to him inſpired me with new hopes and courage?

Anecdotes of the late Daniel Dancer, commonly called the Miſer of Harrow Weal Common.

(Concluded from Page 164.)

DURING a period of fifty years he never kept any female ſervant, or indeed any ſervant at all. At length, after the loſs of his ſiſter, and within a few years of his own death, he took a man, called Griffiths, into his ſervice; but he was never known to have a domeſtic animal, of any kind, within his walls.

Miſerable and wretched as his diſpoſition was, he was not accuſed of having ever committed any act of injuſtice; on the contrary, he was ſometimes known to have aſſiſted thoſe whoſe ſtyle of living and appearance was infinitely ſuperior to his own.

He had no farming buſineſs but during the time of mowing his meadows. That of his hay harveſt, then, ſeems to have been the only period of the year in which his mind was occupied by buſineſs: and this too was the ſole time in which jollity appeared to be familiar to his manſion; for he ſeemed then to have entirely diveſted himſelf of his natural character. No gentleman in the neighbourhood gave his mowers better beer, or greater quantity, than Daniel did on this occaſion. It was brought from a neighbouring brewhouſe; for at this time only was the beverage of our Saxon forefathers to be found within his walls.

On

On his demiſe, the houſe in which he died, and in which he was alſo born, exhibited a ſpectacle of miſery and of terror; for it poſſeſſed ſo ſqualid an aſpect, that no other perſon would have ſlept in it; and was actually ſo ruinous, that neither bricklayer ner carpenter would have ventured to repair it.

Some time before his death he left this ancient tenement, which, with the ſurrounding meadows, has been lately ſold by Sir Henry Tempeſt to the Marquis of Abercorn, on purpoſe to read his will to a perſon in the neighbourhood. An objection being made to it, on the ground that there was no proviſion bequeathed to his brothers, he replied, "If I were of a great family, I would not diſinherit the heir of the paternal eſtate—in ſuch a caſe it would be wrong; but I have long had it in my mind to leave what I have away from mine. My brothers are both old men, and have much more than they can ſpend, or know how to make a proper uſe of; beſides they have no children. I am aſhamed of myſelf and them. I have not even improved my property! and, were I to live my time over again, I would not do as I have done."

Mr. Dancer, as has already been obſerved, kept neither cat nor dog, and yet rats and mice were ſtrangers to his dwelling: They had ſurely left it "inſtinctively," knowing they muſt ſtarve there.

He entertained a moſt ſingular idea of a neighbouring nation, although he entered but little into political diſcuſſions. He called the French republicans, the Romans, and was fully prepoſſeſſed with the belief, "That they would, ultimately, over-run the world, and come and claim his lands, becauſe they had once belonged to a monaſtery." So fully ſatisfied was he of this fact, that he was particularly careful never to utter a word againſt them.

The two following anecdotes of Daniel have been communicated by a gentleman who poſſeſſed the beſt means of obtaining information concerning him.

About ſix years before his death, during a hot ſummer's day, he was obſerved by a neighbour very aſſiduouſly employed in throwing water from a pool, by means of a frying-pan, on the ſurrounding meadow, which happened to be burnt up. On being queſtioned as to the object of his labours, he obſerved, "That he wanted a bit of nice freſh graſs for his old horſe, for hay being then very dear, a poor body ought to be ſparing of it." The ſame perſon, returning in three or four hours afterwards, found the old man in tears, and on inquiring the cauſe, was informed, "That he had

had worked with the frying-pan until he was tired, when falling aſleep on the graſs, ſome rogue had ſtolen a pocket-book from him containing 350l. in bank notes, which he had received the day before for ſome ricks of hay that he had ſold."

Having been once reluctantly bound over by a magiſtrate, to proſecute a horſe ſtealer at Ayleſbury aſſizes, he ſet out with a reſpectable neighbour, who undertook to accompany him. Himſelf and his horſe, on this occaſion, exhibited a groteſque appearance, for the movements of the latter were regulated by a halter inſtead of a bridle, while a ſack, faſtened round him, ſerved inſtead of a ſaddle; as for ſhoes, this was a luxury that Daniel's Roſinante had never been accuſtomed to.

On their arrival at Ayleſbury, having ſtopped at an inn of decent appearance, Dancer addreſſed his companion in the following manner:

"Pray, Sir, do you go into the houſe, order what you pleaſe, and live like a gentleman, I will ſettle for it readily; but as for myſelf, I muſt go on in my old way."

He accordingly did ſo, for he bought a pennyworth of bread for himſelf, ſlept under his horſe's manger, and paid 15s. being the amount of his companion's bill, with the utmoſt cheerfulneſs.

Having ſaid ſo much of Daniel, it may not be amiſs to mention a few particulars about his immediate relations. Henry, his next brother, is an old man, and unmarried; he is ſuppoſed to be worth 5000l. which he conceals in the true Dancer manner. He lives on Harrow Weal Common, tends ſheep at ſo much per day; will hold a gentleman's horſe for two pence, and return him a thouſand thanks. He commonly hires his ſervices out to the farmers in any way he may be uſeful, and in conſequence of a law ſuit, occaſioned by his brother's will, he lately repaired to London in a new coat, of exactly the ſame cut and colour as that uſually beſtowed by the pariſh. In addition to other property, he poſſeſſes the farm of Waldos, worth about 3200l.

Hammon Dancer, the laſt of the race, is alſo an old man, and without children. He reſides in a wretched habitation near Lambeth, exhibits the ſame uniform degree of miſery as the other branches of his family, denies himſelf, like them, every comfort of life, and actually ſtarves with 6 or 7000l. in his poſſeſſion.

A little before the death of their ſiſter, Miſs Dancer, whoſe life had been prolonged by the care of Lady Tempeſt

during ſix months, ſhe expreſſed a deſire to leave an acknowledgement to the Dowager out of the 1600l. ſhe had concealed in an old tattered black petticoat; but this was prevented by the eldeſt brother, who ſaid "It was needleſs to give her a part, for ſhe would have the whole when he died."

No ſooner was ſhe interred than Henry and Hammon applied for their ſhare of the perſonality; but this was ſturdily reſiſted by Daniel, who aſſerted, that he would not part with a penny: Obſerving, "That as ſhe had nothing originally, all her property muſt have been ſtolen from him: beſides, he had boarded her during forty years, and he could not really afford ſuch a heavy expence under thirty pounds per annum."

On being threatened with a law ſuit, he did not appear at all diſpleaſed at the idea; indeed, it ſeemed exactly to tally with his favourite maxims of concealment: He ſhrewdly obſerved, "That the money, in that caſe, would ſoon be HID ſo ſafe among the lawyers, that none of them would be able to find it."

He was, however, prevailed upon to give his brothers about 450l. a-piece, and releaſes were accordingly executed in the uſual form: But from that time he never ſaw them, and could not bear their names to be mentioned in his preſence.

The whole of his property, on his deceaſe, amounted to about 10,000l. a ſum which, by proper management, he might have doubled, and at the ſame time allowed himſelf all the comforts of life.

Thus, in his caſe, avarice was unaccompanied with that eagle-eyed keenneſs which is its uſual concomitant, and that ſpirit of calculation and finance, that Cocker-like knowledge of funds and figures, which generally occupies the daily labours, and flits around the pillow of the modern miſer.

THE SYLPH;

OR,

THE HISTORY OF SOPHIA MERTON.

(Continued from Page 334 of our 33d Volume.)

AN AMBIGUOUS AND ARTFUL LOVER.

IN order to avoid confuſion in his narrative, the purple winged Auri will alſo draw into one point of view what he

he has to ſay further concerning Herbert, whoſe Iriſh engagement and great perplexity have been already obſerved; together with the ſingular converſation he held with Sophia during her walk on the Sunday afternoon, which was ſo very particular as to divide her meditations with Colonel Benſon.

Whenever Sophia was in company with Herbert, his attention was turned towards her with a kind of reſtleſs anxiety, and his eyes followed her every motion with the moſt ſedulous obſervation. He would often take occaſion to remark to Lucy Vernon, "that her friend ſeemed fatigued; that Miſs Merton did not appear to be ſo well as uſual:" and ſometimes, when ſhe had been engaged in dancing, he would ſay with a tone of concern, "that her ſpirits were too great for her ſtrength." Herbert, when converſing with Sophia, often contrived to ſpeak of ſome particular circumſtances in his ſituation, by which he let her know (very honourably) the ſmallneſs of his fortune. In this reſpect the ſylph muſt do him juſtice, although the general artifice of his behaviour by no means met with Auri's approbation.

At length Sophia obſerved that Herbert became very attentive to the pretty brunette, Eliza Bromley, and a fine young woman of the ſame ſet, who was her conſtant companion: indeed they were as remarkable for being always ſeen together in the ſecond diviſion of ſociety in Mellford, as Lucy Vernon and Sophia Merton were for their attachment in the firſt, and, like them, were conſidered as two of the reigning belles. Herbert was now often ſeen attending their parties, on the faſhionable promenade, and did not appear ſo much as formerly by the ſide of Sophia, who could not but notice the alteration; yet ſhe alſo obſerved, that when he was in her company his aſſiduous obſervation, his quiet, grave, and accurate aſſiduities ſtill remained the ſame.

On the Sunday afternoon, Herbert's converſation was more than uſually artful. A gentleman preſent had engaged Miſs Vernon in diſcourſe on ſome intereſting topics, and Mr. Cleveland, the honeſt ſailor mentioned at the commencement of this narrative, was alſo of the party. The ſylph has obſerved, that this gentleman had miſtaken the ſmiles of ſixteen for encouragement, and was extremely angry when he diſcovered his error: however, he ſo far forgot his reſentment this evening, as to make one in the converſation, in which, by explanatory queſtions, he ſo much aſſiſted the artful Herbert, that Auri began to believe he was not unacquainted with his views. The latter deſcanted, in an apparently careleſs manner, on the prudence of a man's

withdrawing himſelf from the ſociety of the object he admired, when he found he had ſmall hopes of engaging her affections: The diſcourſe alſo turned on fortune, modes of living, &c. and Herbert candidly took occaſion to ſpeak of the manner in which he muſt live, whenever he ſettled. Sophia bore her ſhare in the converſation with much ſpirit; ſhe ſpoke of her ideas of fortune, &c. in terms ſufficiently high to convince Herbert, ſhe did not think of moving in the line which he had juſt deſcribed; and yet endeavoured to avoid ſaying any thing which could offend him, as a man of ſmall fortune. She alſo wiſhed to let him ſee, that he really had no reaſon to imagine ſhe entertained a partiality in his favour; and in this very difficult undertaking ſhe ſucceeded tolerably well.

About this time ſeveral of Sophia's acquaintance attended at a neighbouring town, on a public event. My ward had no intention of appearing there, and had even given up all thoughts of it; but after the proper time for her going was elapſed, ſhe was perſuaded to join a party who were about to ſet out, by an elderly lady of great reſpectability, and particularly connected with her family, which circumſtance induced the lady ſhe reſided with to conſent to the ſtep. No ſooner was Sophia arrived at the place of her deſtination, than ſhe clearly perceived ſhe ought not to have been there. This was not the firſt time Auri had known elderly ladies, very unthinkingly, give advice to young people, without giving the circumſtances of the caſe proper conſideration, and thereby leading their young friends into aukward predicaments, and making them do giddy things, which otherwiſe they would never have thought on. Herbert's couſin was one of this party, and Herbert and Everard attended Sophia through a very unpleaſant afternoon. She felt herſelf obliged to them for their attention; but in the midſt of an embarraſſing accidental circumſtance which occurred, ſhe perceived a kind of ironical and very intelligent ſmile paſs between her two beaus: If any thing had been wanting to accelerate her determination reſpecting theſe gentlemen, this obſervation would have fixed her reſolves. The party ſoon after returned to Mellford; and Sophia thought this afternoon one of the moſt unpleaſant ſhe had ever ſpent.

Herbert appeared to withdraw his ſhort-lived attention from Eliza Bromley and her friend, and was once more apparently much attached to Sophia; indeed, it became ſo very evident, that whenever ſhe was preſent every body obſerved,

" that to Herbert, Miſs Merton was always the firſt object in company."

One morning my ward paid a viſit to a worthy old maid of the name of Saville, who to numerous good qualities joined a great fondneſs for a little news. The two ladies proceeded to take a morning walk together; and Miſs Saville told Sophia, that it was reported Mr. Herbert was paying his addreſſes to her, and that the report was much credited. My ward took this occaſion to aſſure the good lady of the falſehood of this piece of news, and ſeriouſly declared to her, that no ſuch event as a marriage between Mr. Herbert and Sophia Merton was likely to take place. Miſs Saville, however, looked as if ſhe did not believe her, and replied, with an air of incredulity, " Well, we muſt give people leave to talk."

Thus things went on, until ſome long journies of Herbert's (which were diſcovered to terminate in croſſing the channel to Ireland,) began to draw the notice of his acquaintance; and then the news of the day became a tale, " that Mr. Herbert was engaged to an Iriſh lady, and would certainly bring his bride very ſhortly to Mellford, in the vicinity of which he had lately taken a houſe." It ſeemed apparent that this marriage would very ſoon take place; and yet he continued to pay great attention to Sophia, even to a very ſhort time previous to his laſt journey to Ireland, and to addreſs to her ſpeeches ſo very ſingular, ſo very particular, ſo full of ambiguity, that no woman who was not a fool could poſſibly ſuppoſe but that " more was meant than met the ear." Sophia's behaviour was extremely guarded; and ſhe gave Herbert no reaſon to ſuppoſe ſhe wiſhed for an explanation, and at the ſame time appeared obliged to him for the polite attention he ſo aſſiduouſly paid her. Herbert's marriage with his fair Iriſh woman ſoon after took place; and thus ended the hiſtory of his very ſingular attentions to my ward.

VARIOUS OCCURRENCES.

The ſylph will now proceed to deſcribe the incidents of a very lively winter, in which Sophia was amuſed by the flirtation of the butterfly Clifford, and purſued by the changeful and ever varying plans of Everard, to whom the winter parties gave frequent opportunities of being near my ward. Although the weekly aſſemblies began in the autumn, yet they were conſidered as a winter amuſement. At the commencement of theſe aſſemblies, the lady with whom Sophia reſided

reſided permitted her to attend them, and ſhe accordingly accompanied her friend Lucy Vernon to the room. The party this evening was but ſmall; my ward was, however, much noticed by thoſe of her friends who were preſent, and the evening paſſed off agreeably. Sophia's admirer Everard was at the aſſembly; he aſked my ward if ſhe choſe cards, and on her declining to play, he gave it up alſo, and attached himſelf to her (although generally a whiſt player), and did not touch a card the whole evening. She behaved to him with great politeneſs, but with great indifference, and he looked the image of mortified vanity.

The annual races ſoon after followed. Sophia appeared at the balls, &c. but as nothing worthy of remark occurred, the ſylph will paſs them over. A few days after the races, Miſs Vernon had a rout, where of courſe my ward made one of the party. Sophia, for the firſt time in her life, ventured to ſit down to a card-table, which ſtep Auri did not approve, as ſhe was certainly too young for a whiſt player. Clifford attended Miſs Vernon's rout, and a great deal of flirtation paſſed between him and Sophia, who, juſt recovered from the vexation ſhe had felt about Benſon, was in much higher ſpirits than uſual. Juſt after this, Lucy Vernon left Mellford, to pay a viſit to ſome diſtant friends, as we have already obſerved; and during her abſence Sophia ſpent much of her time with Miſs Saxby, an intimate acquaintance of Lucy's and her's. Clifford the butterfly paid great attention to Miſs Saxby, and was in habits of intimacy with her family; he generally attended her parties in public: and the ſylph will take this opportunity to give his fair pupils a definition of the butterfly character, ſo eminently exemplified in this gentleman.

(To be continued.)

HISTORY *of the* MAKING *of* BRANDY.

THE time of the invention of brandy, or ardent ſpirit, which has had ſo wonderful an influence on many arts, on commerce, on the habits, health, and happineſs of the human race, is not exactly known. That the firſt was made by the Arabians from wine, and thence called *vinum uſtum*; that Arabian phyſicians firſt employed it in the compoſition of medicines; and that ſo late as the year 1333 the manner of preparing it was very difficult and tedious, and ſtill conſidered by chemiſts as a ſecret art; appears from the

writings of Arnold de Ville Neuve, Raymond Lully, and Theophraſtus Paracelſus: And it is without ſufficient reaſon that ſome aſcribe the invention to Arnold. Alexander Taſſoni relates, that the Modeneſe were the firſt who, in Europe, on occaſion of too abundant a vintage, made and ſold brandy in conſiderable quantities. The German miners had firſt acquired the habit of drinking it; and the great conſumption of and demand for this liquor ſoon induced the Venetians to participate with the Modeneſe in the new lucrative art and branch of commerce. However, it appears, that brandy did not come into general uſe till towards the end of the fifteenth century; and then it was ſtill called burnt wine.

The firſt printed books which make mention of brandy, recommended it as a preſervative againſt moſt diſeaſes, and as a means to prolong youth and beauty. Similar encomiums have been beſtowed on tea and coffee; and people became ſo much habituated to theſe liquors, that they at laſt daily drank them merely on account of their being pleaſant to their palate. In the reformation of the Archbiſhopric of Cologne, in the firſt quarter of the ſixteenth century, no mention is made of brandy; although it muſt certainly have been named there, if it had then already been uſed in Weſtphalia.

William II. Landgrave of Heſſe, about the commencement of the ſixteenth century, ordered that no ſeller of brandy ſhould ſuffer it to be drunken in his houſe—and that no one ſhould be allowed to offer it for ſale before the church doors on holidays. In 1524, Philip Landgrave of Heſſe totally prohibited the vending of burnt wine.—But in the middle of the ſixteenth century, when Baccius wrote his Hiſtory of Wine, brandy was every where in Italy ſold under the name of *aqua vitis* or *vitæ*. Under King Erick it was introduced into Sweden. For a long time this liquor was diſtilled only from ſpoilt wine; afterwards from the dregs, &c. of beer and wine; and when inſtead of theſe the diſtillers employed rye, wheat, and barley, it was conſidered as a wicked and unpardonable miſuſe of corn; it was feared that brandy made from wine would be adulterated from malt ſpirits; and an idea prevailed, that the grains were noxious to cattle, but eſpecially to ſwine; whence originated among men that loathſome and contagious diſeaſe, the leproſy. Expreſsly for theſe reaſons, burnt wine was, in January, 1595, forbidden to be made in the Electorate of Saxony, except only from wine lees and the dregs of beer.

In

In 1582, brandy was prohibited at Francfort on the Mayne, becauſe the barber-ſurgeons had repreſented that it was noxious in the then prevalent fatal diſorders. From the ſame cauſe, the prohibition was renewed in 1605. With aſtoniſhing rapidity has the love of brandy and ardent ſpirit in general ſpread over all parts of the world; and nations the moſt uncultivated and the moſt ignorant, who can neither reckon nor write, have not only comprehended the method of diſtilling it, but even had ingenuity enough to apply to the preparation of it the products furniſhed by their own country.—Malt ſpirits and French brandy, which, when both are pure, are however alike in their component parts, may with the greateſt certainty be diſtinguiſhed by the taſte of what is left after burning them. Of the latter, this watery remainder is ſharp, nauſeous, and almoſt ſour; but what is left after burning the malt ſpirits, excites a taſte of burnt, or at leaſt roaſted, meal.

Account of the Minſtrels and Players of former Times.

[From Strutt's View of the Dreſs and Habits of the People of England.]

MINSTRELS and players were formerly retainers in the houſes of the nobility: They wore the livery and badges of the maſter to whom they belonged; and, under that ſanction, travelling from place to place, exhibited their performances for hire. In the reign of Queen Mary, a remonſtrance from the Privy Council was preſented to the Lord Preſident of the North, ſtating, "That certain lewd," that is, diſſolute or ignorant, "perſons, to the number of ſix or ſeven in a company, naming themſelves to be the ſervants of Sir Francis Lake, and wearing his livery, or badge, upon their ſleeves, have wandered about theſe north parts, repreſenting certain plays and interludes, reflecting on her Majeſty and King Philip, and the formalities of the maſs."—Theſe, according to Warton, were "family-minſtrels, or players, who were conſtantly diſtinguiſhed by their maſter's livery or badge."—In conſequence of the above remonſtrance, Sir Francis Lake was enjoined to correct his ſervants ſo offending.

"In former times," ſays an author who wrote in the reign of Queen Eliſabeth, "a nobleman's houſe was a common wealthe in itſelfe; but ſince the reteining of theſe caterpillers,"

pillers," meaning the vagrant players, "the credite of noblemen hath decaied, and they are thought to be covetous, by permitting their ſervants, which cannot live of themſelves, and whome, for neerneſs, they will not maintain, to live at the devotion or almes of other men, paſſing from countrie to countrie, from one gentleman's houſe to another, offering their ſervice; which is a kind of beggarie; who, indeede, to ſpeake more trulie, are become beggers for their ſervants: for, commonlie the good wil men bear to their lordes makes them drawe the ſtringes of their purſes to extend their liberalities to them, where otherwiſe they would not."

Under the appellation of minſtrels, no doubt, was included all ſuch perſons as ſtudied muſic profeſſionally, and performed for pay. It ſeems certain, that ſome peculiar kind of dreſs was generally adopted by theſe melodious itinerants; and, from ſeeing them frequently depicted in habits altogether different from thoſe in common uſage, I am led to conclude that, in addition to their muſical talents, they often exhibited certain tricks of buffoonery, to which the quaintneſs of their dreſs was accommodated; we may then conſider them as a kind of mimics; and probably they were the primitive introducers of the ſtrange diſguiſements that make up the medley of a modern maſquerade; and, by ſuch a double exhibition, the exertions of a ſingle minſtrel might afford no ſmall degree of merriment to minds unprepared for any ſuperior ſpecies of entertainment. We frequently find them in company with other drolls, whoſe performances conſiſted of dancing, of tumbling, or of balancing, to the muſic. It appears, indeed, that dancing and tumbling, in former times, differed but little, if at all, from each other; at leaſt, they ſeem to be often confounded: A remarkable inſtance occurs to my memory.—In a ſplendid manuſcript, written and illuminated at the commencement of the thirteenth century, which contains a ſhort Bible hiſtory, embelliſhed with many curious paintings, there is one picture repreſenting the daughter of Herod as in the preſence of Herod; but, inſtead of dancing, according to our acceptation of the word, ſhe is literally tumbling, or making a ſomerſault, with her hands upon the ground.

A REFLECTION.

OPINION is, when the aſſent of the underſtanding is ſo far gained by evidence of probability, that it rather inclines

clines to one perſuaſion than to another, yet not altogether without a mixture of uncertainty and doubting.

State of the ancient City of Jeruſalem, in the Year 1797.

[From Browne's Travels into Egypt and Syria.]

I Muſt confeſs the aſpect of Jeruſalem did not gratify my expectation. On aſcending an hill, diſtant about three miles, this celebrated city roſe to view, ſeated on an eminence, but ſurrounded by others of a greater height, and its walls, which remain tolerably perfect, form the chief object in the approach. They are conſtructed of a reddiſh ſtone. As the day was extremely cold, and ſnow began to fall, the proſpect was not ſo intereſting as it might have proved at a more favourable ſeaſon.

Mendicants perfectly ſwarm in the place, allured by the hope of alms from the piety of the pilgrims. The religious of the Terra Santa retain great power; and there is one manufacture that flouriſhes in the utmoſt vigour, namely, that of reliques, crucifixes inlaid with mother-of-pearl, chaplets, and the like. Yet the church of the Holy Sepulchre is ſo much neglected, that the ſnow fell into the middle; the beams, ſaid to be cedar, are falling, and the whole roof is in a ruinous ſtate. The Armenian Convent is elegant, and ſo extenſive, as to preſent accommodation for no leſs than a thouſand pilgrims.

During twelve or thirteen days, a very deep ſnow lay upon the ground. The Catholic Convent has a large ſubterraneous ciſtern, into which the ſnow melting from the roof, and other parts, is conveyed, and ſupplies the monks with water for a great portion of the year.

The beſt view of Jeruſalem is from the Mount of Olives, on the eaſt of the city. In front is the chief moſque, which contains, according to the tradition of the Mahomedans, the body of Solomon. From the ſame Mount may be diſcovered, in a clear day, the Dead Sea, nearly ſouth-eaſt, reflecting a whitiſh gleam. The intervening region appears very rocky.

The Tombs of the Kings, ſo denominated, are worthy of remark, being of Grecian ſculpture, and on a hard rock. There are ſeveral ornaments on the ſarcophagi, of foliage and flowers, and each apartment is ſecured with a maſſive panneled door of ſtone. Great ravages have been made here

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in ſearch of treaſure. Theſe tombs have, probably, been conſtructed in the time of Herod and his ſucceſſors, Kings of Judea.

At about the diſtance of two hours, or ſix miles, ſtands Bethlehem, in a country happy in ſoil, air, and water. The latter is conveyed in a low aqueduct, or ſtone channel, which formerly paſſed to Jeruſalem. The *fons ſignatus*, is an exuberant ſpring; it is received ſucceſſively by three large ciſterns, one of which is well preſerved. In coming from the ciſterns, and at a ſmall diſtance, is ſeen what is termed the *Deliciæ Solomonis*, a beautiful rivulet, which flows murmuring down the valley, and waters in its courſe ſome gardens of excellent ſoil. The brinks of this brook are adorned with a variety of herbage. Olives, vines, and fig-trees, flouriſh abundantly in the neighbourhood. The olive trees are daily decreaſing in number, as they are ſacrificed to the perſonal enmities of the inhabitants, who meanly ſeek revenge by ſawing down in the night thoſe that belong to their adverſaries. As this tree is of ſlow growth, it is ſeldom replaced. A more pleaſing object ariſes in the convent here, which contains under one roof the different tenets of Latins, Armenians, and Greeks.

About the ſame diſtance from Jeruſalem, towards the wilderneſs, is the Convent of St. John, ſituated in the midſt of a romantic country, ſtudded with vines and olive trees. In the village of St. John and its diſtrict, the Mahomedans form the greater part of the population.

The mode of agriculture here purſued may be worthy of obſervation. As the country abounds in abrupt inequalities, little walls are erected, which ſupport the ſoil and form narrow terraces. Small ploughs are uſed, drawn by oxen, and it requires no ſlight dexterity in the driver to turn his plough, and avoid damaging the walls. The ſoil, thus ſecured, is extremely favourable to cultivation. The breed of black cattle is, in general, diminutive. Horſes are few in number, and aſſes, reſembling the European, are chiefly uſed for travelling.

We may ſafely eſtimate the preſent population of Jeruſalem at from eighteen to twenty thouſand. It is governed by an Aga, appointed by the Paſha of Damaſcus; but he is allowed ſo few troops, that all Paleſtine may be regarded as in the power of the Arabs. The Chriſtian women, who abound in Jeruſalem, wear white veils as a diſtinction from the Mahomedan, who wear other colours. Arabic is the general language, except among the Armenians and Greeks.

EXTRAORDINARY EFFECT *of* TERROR.

IT is related of the late lovely and unfortunate Maria Antoinette, Queen of France, that during the night of her arreſt and confinement in a common priſon, her hair became grey. We have heard of other extraordinary and ſingular effects of grief. The following account of the conſequence of terror is moſt creditably authenticated:

Two eagles, in one of the wildeſt parts of the county of Clare, in Ireland, had for ſome time depredated on the neighbourhood, and frequently bore away lambs, kids, &c. for the ſuſtenance of their young. Some perſons determined, if poſſible, to prevent an increaſe of their misfortunes, by obtaining the young birds, aſcended the mountain on which the eagles bred, and found that the neſt was in a part of the rock perpendicular, near 100 feet below the ſummit, and about 300 above the ſea, which, with terrific noiſe and appearance, daſhed againſt its baſe. They had provided themſelves with ropes, and a lad, armed with a ſcymetar, was by this means lowered by the reſt. He arrived in ſafety at the neſt, where, as he expected, he was attacked with infinite fury by one of the old eagles, at which he made a ſtroke with his ſword, and nearly cut aſunder the rope by which he was ſuſpended. He deſcribed his ſtate to his comrades, and waited in horrible expectation that the diviſion of the cord would precipitate him to the bottom; but fortunately it remained firm, and he was cautiouſly and ſafely hauled up; when it was found that his hair, which a quarter of an hour before had been of a dark auburn, had, in this ſhort period, become perfectly grey.

A CHARADE, *by Paul Ninnis, of St. Auſtell.*

IN battle ſtrong, where Mars tremendous reigns,
Where many brave courageous men are ſlain,
My ruthleſs firſt in plenty there are found
To ſpread deſpair and deſolation round.

My uſeleſs next with eaſe is ſoon explor'd,
If you will ſcrutinize your kitchen board;
Or any place where boards or wood are ſeen,
My well known ſecond will be found I ween.

Ingenious gents. who are for fame a-thirſt,
You'll find my whole doth ornament my firſt.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

COLIPRIEST HILL,*

In Imitation of Dyer's Grongar Hill.

AS ſeated on this mountain's brow
I view the landſcape ſtretch'd below,
View the river, field, and ſky,
View the trav'ller paſſing by;
See the ſtately dome ariſe,
There the cottage meets my eyes;
Sing, Oh muſe! the varied ſcene,
Let no hindrance intervene.

Half expos'd the town appears,
There the church its fabric rears;
Riſing hills obſcure the ſight,
Deck'd with trees of foliage bright;
See the fir, the oak, the yew,
The beech, the elm, and laurel too,
Rear their heads with verdant green,
And deck the beauteous varied ſcene.

Now beyond the town I view
Exe its rapid courſe purſue,
Serpentine by level meads,
The ſtream tranſlucent nature leads;
Waſhes with its cryſtal flood,
Where the ancient caſtle ſtood;
Whoſe remains unſeen to me
Prove its great antiquity.
There the ivy fondly twines;
There the aged elm reclines.
But a manſion new and neat,
Now appears with graceful ſtate;
There the Carews now reſide,
And in peaceful ſplendours glide.

Borne on wings of ſofteſt down,
With flowing veil, and ambient crown,
Fancy, changing maid! appears,
Here her pleaſing form ſhe rears;
Hiſtory attends her flight,
And recalls the antient fight;

Now,

* Coliprieſt is the ſeat of Thomas Phillips, Eſq. near Tiverton.

Now, methinks! I ſee the brave
Find beneath thoſe walls a grave;
See each ſiege the place has known,
When Bellona rear'd her throne.
Oh! did men their intereſt ſee,
All in peace and love agree;
Here would concord haply dwell,
Nor man his fellow man repel.

See where induſtry appears,
In the fabric genius rears;
There the pallid child of want,
Earns its humble pittance ſcant;
There the ſons of labour too,
Thro' the day their toil purſue;
Oh! would commerce, with her train,
Smile on this lov'd iſle again!
Oh! would peace, her parent, come,
Here would plenty fix her home;
And happineſs o'erſpread the land,
And ev'ry breaſt with joy expand.

Near this penſive, moſſy ſeat,
Phillips owns a ſweet retreat;
Simply built, yet ſtately too,
Coliprieſt appears to view;
Oh! what ſmiling, happy hours,
Have I ſpent beſide thy bowers;
Oft at noon, at perfect day
When Phœbus ſheds his fervid ray,
Have I trod, with friendly talk,
Each ſequeſter'd, ſhady walk;
And when evening ſhades prevail
Oft I've wander'd thro' the vale;
Or by contemplation led,
Here I've woo'd the ſilent maid;
Could I with a Dyer's pen
Paint the ever lovely ſcene;
Could I draw, with proſpect ſtrong,
Every charm which claims my ſong,
Then, beneath this beechen ſhade,
Oft I'd ſeek the muſe's aid;
Oft implore that ſacred fire,
Which ſublimer ſtrains inſpire.

But my weak, unſkilful muſe,
Still the pleaſing theme purſues;
Still, by roving fancy led,
Wanders thro' the flow'ry meads;
Still ſhe views the Exe's tide,
Sees the Lummon ſmoothly glide;
Enters now the diſtant wood,
Riſing from the rapid flood;
Follows thro' the winding road,
Oft by wand'ring lovers trod;

Now ſhe ſeeks the ſhady grove,
Where I often muſing rove;
Points to where the woolly ſheep
Nip the vale, or climb the ſteep;
And ſhews where yonder riſing hill
Bounds the lovely proſpect ſtill.

But the ſolar god of day
Now withdraws his lengthen'd ray;
Somnus ſpreads his ſhades around,
And nature wraps in gloom profound;
Morpheus, with deſpotic ſway,
Bids the herd his laws obey;
Now all is ſunk to peaceful reſt
Within the ſhades of Coliprieſt.

Tiverton. B. B.

ODE *on* CHARITY.

By G. Dyer.

OH thou! whoſe eye of ſmiling love,
Out-ſhines yon eye-lids of the day;
Whoſe boſom no rude tumults move,
Whoſe form no pencil can pourtray:
So bright thine eye, thy form ſo fair,
Beauty herſelf ſeems ſtation'd there.

Hail, charity! thou faireſt, beſt,
Adorn'd with virtue's peerleſs crown:
And wont, array'd in ſimpler veſt,
To beam with luſtre of thine own.
Still let thy breaſt with rapture glow,
But ſpare a ſigh for human woe.

Sweeter thy breath than gales that play,
Where ſummer flowers their odours fling;
Nor is ſo ſoft the voice of May,
With all the choir of tuneful ſpring.
The ſmile that on thy cheek is ſeen,
Beſpeaks a paradiſe within.

Oh! ſtill thy ſacred form diſplay;
Near thee a balm ſhall ſorrow find;
Still, like the golden orb of day,
Reign the warm friend of human kind!
And let thine hand to all impart,
Fair emblems of an open heart.

EPIGRAM.

BUT one bad woman at a time
On earth ariſes—
That every one ſhould think he has her,
I own ſurpriſes.